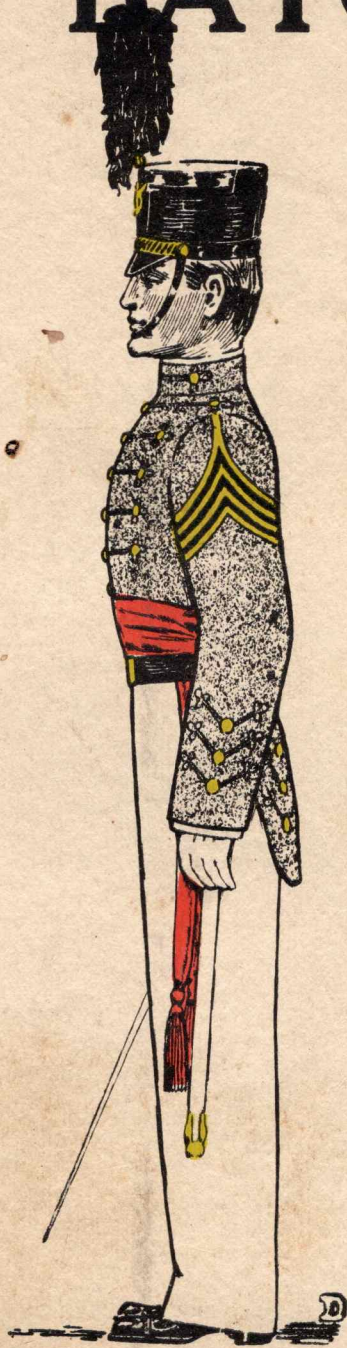


# THE BAYONET

*John Cassdale*



JANUARY, 1917

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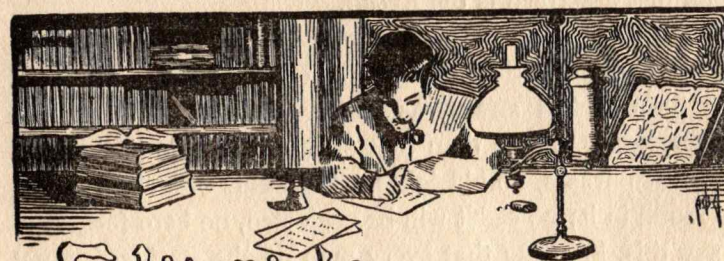
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# THE BAYONET

Vol. XIII FORT DEFIANCE, VA., JANUARY, 1917 No. 3

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CADETS OF THE AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY

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## Editorials —

"EVERY CADET SHOULD READ THIS ARTICLE"



HAVE chosen for my Editorial this month, one of the most important phases of the school life: the compiling and publishing of the *Recall*, an annual publication summarizing the year's work. This publication, although compiled by a few chosen cadets, reflects the character,—credits the accomplishments—and details the year's work of every cadet in school.

For the benefit of you new cadets I will describe last year's annual, so that you may know exactly what it is. The *Recall* last year was bound in morroco leather, contained 136 pages, 112 illustrations and pictures, approximately 19,250 printed words, and had every cadet's name on its pages at least twice. It contained summaries of the Football, Basketball and Baseball seasons, pictures of teams, calendar of school year, address of each cadet, full name, rank, and years in school, copy of final program, list of school organizations, detailed description of companies and band, pictures of cadet officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, pictures and records of graduates, pictures of principals, military organizations, formations, etc. This book just described is the *Recall*.

The 1916-17 *Recall* is going to be just a little bigger, a little different, a little better, than last year's. The staff has been picked and I, as Editor-in-Chief, can insure a newer, better annual than that of last year. No hackneyed, wornout phrases, no old jokes, no old cuts or write-ups will be found in it; no cadet will be neglected, no hero forgotten. I say this, knowing that every man on the staff is the best fitted man in school for the position he must fill; they are all capable of handling their particular subjects properly, and I feel sure that a successful publication will be the result of their labor, providing that

#### THE CORPS STANDS BEHIND THE STAFF.

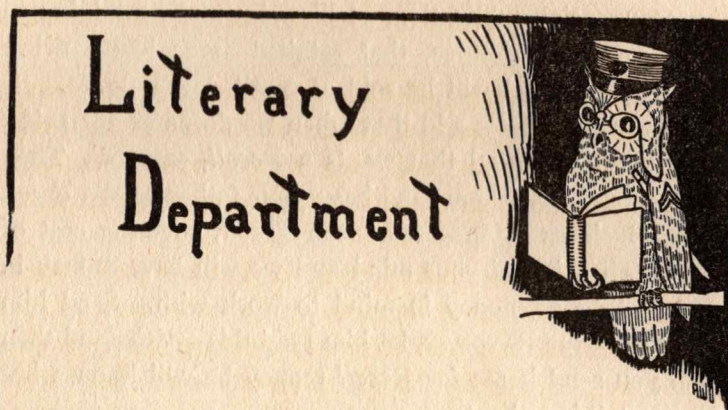
You must realize that situated as we are, nine miles from even a small town, we cannot expect very much from advertising. Consequently, the publication is more costly to cadets. But you get more than your money's worth. Last year's *Recall* sold at \$4.00 per copy. I have yet to see

any commercial publication, of like size and containing as many cuts and pictures, that retailed at as low a price. This year's annual will be sold at a still lower figure.

In closing, let me add that when we do name the price, every cadet in school that wants a *Recall*, say so. Then sit down and write home and have your father send a check to the Business Manager of the *Recall*, covering cost of same. Then its off your mind and we will have money in hand instead of money in mind to work with. Send him this copy of the BAYONET, let him read this article, and then when you send home for *Recall* money he will know what you are talking about.

And while I am on the money subject let me beg of you, "Please pay up your BAYONET subscription." This paper can't run on air. This issue you're reading costs the staff \$68.00. We have our bills to pay each issue, and we are merely the treasurers of the corps' money, so when the corps ceases to pay the BAYONET stops. If you don't think you are getting your money's worth just remember that we are giving you a bigger, snappier magazine this year for a quarter of a dollar less than last year, despite the rise in the cost of paper.

W. G. SCOTT, Editor.



## Shell Fire

**T**HE allied trenches looked very formidable as they zig-zagged between the once well piled-up haystacks which dotted the fields at irregular intervals. To the left of this particular field "somewhere in France," at a short distance from where the Germans seemed to concentrate their fire, stood about half a dozen well formed haystacks which, through some seemingly miraculous power, had escaped the terrific fire of the death-dealing German .42 mm. guns.

Anyone well acquainted with this particular group of haystacks might have known that the one nearest and nearly facing the trenches occupied by the British Coldstream Guards was neatly hollowed out inside and inhabited by Lieutenant Von Halforn of the Barvarian troops.

Plentifully supplied with food and comfortably reclining on the soft hay, Von Halforn had for the last twelve hours been busily engaged in watching through a thin cur-

tain of hay the effects of the German shell fire on the allied trenches.

In this comfortable position, regretting only the impossibility of smoking some of his favorite brand of cigarettes, Von Halforn watched and then communicated results to German headquarters through his conveniently placed telephone.

"Lengthen range about 35 yds. on that last shell," spoke Von Halforn into the mouthpiece of his instrument peering out through the hay and anxiously awaiting the arrival of one of the "Big Bertha" shells. Presently with a loud whistle and then a roar it landed almost on the Coldstream trench, sending fragments of *débris* and humans high into the air and leaving a veritable crater full of dead Britishers. "Good, try another one a little to the left," said the German with a cry of delight. At the other end of the wire the German officer receiving the message transmitted his directions faultlessly, and half a minute later another shell lay amongst a pile of *débris* a little to the left of the preceding missile.

Back in the British trenches the English officers wondered at the unfailing accuracy of the German gunners and, although they suspected that their foes were being informed regarding the fire of their guns, they could find no confirmation of their suspicions.

Beneath his haystack Von Halforn wondered how long his place of concealment would remain undiscovered and at the length of time he would have to remain at his present dangerous post. His present position had cost his country many lives for it was only under cover of a feigned charge, which had naturally been repulsed, that he, bearing his

precious telephone instrument, had been able to attain his place beneath the haystack. Now, as he lay directing the fire of the Germans, he thought not only of the glory that would be his if he survived his mission, but of the tremendous losses that the Fatherland was inflicting, through him, on its foes.

"A little more to the left," said Von Halforn, peering through the hay and seeing the shell land directly in front of him on the far side of the Coldstream trench. "Continue firing in the same direction, shortening your range with each shell," directed Von Halforn through the wire, smiling to himself as the shells whistled over the stack carrying certain destruction to the portion of the Coldstream trench directly in front of him. Von Halforn listened to the shells as they whistled over his head landing each time as he had directed nearer to the haystack under which he lay. With a warning whistle followed by a loud roar a "Big Bertha" shell landed a bare 200 yards in front of the stack, warning him of his approaching danger. Reaching over to change his directions the German pulled his instrument towards him, in his haste breaking the wire which connected him with his people.

\* \* \* \* \*

"By jove," said Captain Gunby, looking through a trench periscope and seeing the haystack nearest to his lines blown to pieces by one of the "big Bertha" German shells, "I knew those Germans would hit those 'miracle haystacks before long."

F. S. BANKHARDT.

## Lamentations of an Old Man

I tell 'em that they're awful fresh,  
I'll swear they think they're cute;  
If they don't do what I tell 'em,  
I begin to use my boot.

I hollo but they never hear;  
They ramble right along  
Until I grab 'em by the ear  
And chant that "Fin Out Song."

And every Monday morning  
I set my clothes bag at the door  
And they pass it by with eight or ten;  
They swear they can't take more.

Pouring water in the Mess Hall  
Is becoming obsolete,  
And in church its getting mighty hard  
To find a cushioned seat.

This life is getting on my nerves,  
It really makes me sore.  
'Cause they never stand attention  
And they never close a door.

When upon the stoops they walk,  
They never scrape the edge;  
The thing that I regret the most  
Is that I signed that pledge.

J. C. MONTGOMERY and G. M. HANCOCK

## Camp Washington

(With data from *The Rangefinder*)



MILITARY instruction for boys of school age is a question that those interested in imparting to the youth of the country an idea of duty and service to the nation have much discussed. One way to give such instruction is to make it a part of the regular school course; another is to give it intensively in a summer military camp.

A most successful trial of the second method was made last summer at Fort Terry, a coast artillery post on Plum Island, in Long Island Sound. There for five weeks nearly twelve hundred boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, from twenty-four states of the union, received military training under the guidance of experienced men. Besides being instructed in the rudiments of military drill and tactics, the cadets had, as far as practicable, drills on the great coast defense guns. There were also special elective courses in the study of gas engines, radiotelegraphy, searchlights, map making and signaling. All the work was adapted to the capacities of boys of the age of those under instruction, and the greatest pains were taken to make the living conditions suitable for them.

The purpose of the men who planned and managed Camp Washington was to use military training as a means of teaching good citizenship and patriotism. All sorts of boys from all sorts of schools were gathered there, and the steady enthusiastic work that the cadets and their instructors did together day after day exceeded all expectations.

The boys gave themselves to their tasks with seriousness and zeal, and their progress in five weeks is declared by experts to be fully equal to that of the men at Plattsburg—if it does not surpass it.

The boys' daily program begins at 5:15 with reveille, the most cruel call of all—it means only fifteen minutes to attach the various habiliments of a soldier and turn out for roll call and calisthenics. These occupy ten minutes and consist of exercises for every muscle of the body. Often a short run on the company street or down the road is included.

Beds must then be made up before mess, with the folded blankets correctly placed, and tent walls rolled up if the weather permits. At 6:30 comes breakfast mess, after which follows an hour of "policing" the company streets and tents and cleaning guns for the inspection which comes just before drill. The three hours in the morning are occupied with close or open order drill. Several of the companies having sham battles may be seen crawling over the hills and through the thickets at the western end of the island, or perhaps firing blank cartridges at the "enemy" several hundred yards away. Although this work is harder than the drill on the parade ground, it is more interesting and popular.

There is often another half hour of calisthenics in the morning, but whatever is done, the entire company is sure to return to camp pretty hot and ready for a quick shower and the best meal of the day.

The afternoon drill period of an hour and a half is devoted to target practice, instruction at the big guns, dyna-

mos, mines, searchlights, radio-telegraphy, signaling and map making. There are three free hours before supper, when swimming calls many to the bathing beach and washing clothes is also an attractive (?) pastime. Then, too, those who have been awarded punishment tours for excelling in lateness, absence, untidiness and other offenses, walk the company street with rifle on shoulder.

"Retreat" comes at 6:15 in the company street, unless a parade is scheduled. Each company attends parade about three times a week. Occasionally gun inspection is held before dismissal, but generally the day's formations end at retreat.

Until call to quarters at 9 o'clock the cadets have the freedom of the island. There are moving pictures and often talks at the Y. M. C. A. for entertainment, while the evening is the popular time for writing letters. As a rule, there is little trouble in getting everybody to bed on time, for the cadets are usually tired enough to drop into the "arms of Morpheus" until another bugle rouses them to the next day of work.

F. S. BANKHARDT.

## Lamentations of a "Rat"

They tell me that I'm awful fresh.  
They say I think I'm cute.  
Its "You do this, and you do that,"  
And its followed by a boot.

And as the stoops I humbly walk,  
"Fin out there Rat!" I hear;  
And out some door to right or left  
And "Old Man" will substitute appear.

And every Monday morning,  
When release the bugle blows,  
I'm loaded down with laundry bags  
Full of dirty, stinking clothes.

I pour water in the mess hall  
And at church I march up front.  
And in barracks stand attention,  
For some little sawed off runt.

And when I get inside the arch,  
I have to hug the edge,  
But after all, I'm lucky,  
'Cause the "Old Men" signed the pledge.

J. C. MONTGOMERY    G. M. HANCOCK

## The White Man

G. M. HANCOCK



HE sun beat down with all its fury upon a wagon train that moved slowly across the baking, glaring desert. The sand demons swirled and weaved their way along the surface of that aged bake oven, like snakes. The heat radiated from every rock and grain, rising in waves visible to the eye. The sun's glittering rays struck upon that white death-like surface only to be thrown mockingly back in a blinding glare. The air lay dead like a hot soggy blanket that you could feel clutching at your very throat, defying your efforts to go on, and yet just over that little dune ahead lay paradise. Green trees, water, cool and clear as crystal, shade comforting, cooling shade; fairies danced among the trees; castles came and went, everything was beautiful. And then, where was it? Gone, and its place taken by a stretch of white, glaring, shifting sand. Do you wonder that men go mad?

To all appearances the wagon train was having everything "its own way," but upon closer observation one would have seen that the faces of the men wore troubled expressions; there was a sort of wondering something in each eye, a drawn haggard and yet determined curve to every lip; a dogged stubborn set to every chin. And yet over all hovered an atmosphere of fear. *The wagon train was lost.* For several hours the travellers had been without water and the oxen were falling, exhausted, one by one. The children sobbed for water, tired of promises, their little throats half

parched by the heat, the everlasting heat. And then, as if by some kindness of Providence, the train came in sight of a group of squat, unpainted buildings, stretched out like a monstrous cross, radiating heat like everything else, no green trees or shade or water, just houses, but they were huts that didn't disappear.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Town of Hate," with its brood of lawless cut-throats, was celebrating. The sound of boisterious laughter intermingled with curses and the clinking of glasses profaned the pure night air of the desert. Below on the burning sand a wagon train of God-fearing families fought for the right to live and snuff out those beckoning lights, shining down from that hill of "Hate," where everything was joy and song, feasting and drinking, merry making galore. And yet under all dormant for the time being there lay sleeping that awful Hate that had made of these men what they were—wolves in human forms, moulded like men, but ruled by the passions and desires of beasts.

Of this band of outlaws, one only had the skin of an Arian, the leader. He was a white man, but in skin only; otherwise he was a black-hearted, keen-thinking plotter. A master mind, he suggested, the breeds and Indians did the work; he was like the poison of a poisonous snake; nature teaches the snake to strike, but the poison is what kills. The law of a breed is to run unless cornered or pushed by by a more powerful fear behind. That's what the leader was, the fear that drove them on.

The noise of the brawl grew louder; the glasses filled and emptied oftener; the curses came thicker, and not so pronounced; the heads bobbed, eyes closed; snores, loud

and low pitched became more and more common; limp bodies slid to the floor. And still the play went on. One only there was among them who joined not in the carouse, their leader. He sat apart, as was his custom, his head bowed in deep meditation.

One of the darkest of his band, a full blooded "Yaqui," walked drunkenly toward him and, half sprawling on the table in front of which he sat, asked in a thick voice: "Chief, how long is it goin' t' take t' starve them gringos out? 'Twas funny to see their faces when I refused t' give them water and one their preachers went t' telling me about how white men always protected their women and wouldn't let 'em starve an—Chief, you're a white man. What did they mean by all their talk?"

"They wanted us all to know they had gone loco, Joe. That was all."

\* \* \* \* \*

When the men of the wagon train returned from their trip for water, they wore dejected, hopeless faces, the kind you find in prison, or on the scaffold, that peculiar look every human being has when he faces death. As they neared camp they were met by the despairing multitude of women and children who received the news of the refusal with dry eyes, silent lips, and sorowing hearts.

"And the leader of that bunch of scavengers is a white man, as white as you or I," concluded the scout that had led the way. "As white as you or I, and yet despite his skin, his race, his honor, if he has any, and his very soul, he refused us water. We, of his own race, his own people, must die here on this desert within sight of his wells. We must lie down here and rot so that he may play with our

white, sun-bleached bones. Oh, God! may they sear his very hands, and may this curse from my lips follow him to his grave." His lips quivered with pent up emotion, his whole body shuddered as though struck by a chill and, with his hands clenched high over his head, face upturned to the heavens far above, he shrieked out his curse to God.

\* \* \* \* \*

Among the crowd of silent listeners was a girl of perhaps eighteen or nineteen years, whose every act showed kindness and a tender heart. A frail little body she was, silent and unobtrusive, an orphan, found by the dead body of her father who had succumbed to the ravages of desert fever, while, like these kind friends who now protected her, he was seeking a new home in the golden, romantic west. Of a sweet and trusting disposition was this little orphan, and she could not understand this situation. She trusted all men, and thought them all like her own father, protectors of everybody, friends to all creatures, and lovers of truth and virtue. Consequently she could not understand why water should be refused them, especially when the scout had reported plenty for all. She could not fathom such cruelty, nor believe such action possible on the part of any man, and, above all, a white man.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was dawn of the next day. The town of Hate lay silent, its inhabitants slept; the wine had done its duty. But still the leader sat as he had the preceding evening, thinking, brooding, scheming. That was his life work. He lived on it, gloated over it, that all powerful passion that ruled his every move, Hate. Hate for the men of the past,

hate for the ruffians of his band, hate for the men of the wagon train, and, last and most potent, hate for the man that boasted a white man's heart. His musings were interrupted by a timid rap on the great door. He heeded it not. Again it came, and yet a third time before he so much as moved. Turning half round, he addressed the door with the graciousness of a snake. "If you haven't learned how to open a door yet, stay out; if you're too drunk to open it, I wouldn't advise you to come in." The door slowly opened, and a girl came timidly in. Upon sight of the men sprawled all over the tables, and floor her eyes dilated with horror and fear. Advancing slowly toward the only man in the room that was awake, she asked in a low voice: "Are you the White Man?" "I am," came the gruff response. "Why?"

"Well, white men always help people that are in distress, at least all I ever knew did, and so when I heard that a white man had refused us water, water that meant life or death to us, water, the cheapest thing in the world, one of God's own gifts to every living creature and one of the necessities of life, when I heard that water had been refused us by you who have plenty, I just wanted to see if you were really a white man. Why, didn't you ever have a mother and wasn't she a white woman?"

"Stop!" roared the leader. His tone was fierce, and his eyes blazed with the fury of long burning, agonizing memories of that mother, the one dear face in his mind, who had been indeed a white woman. "Sit down, you little imp, and I'll show you the cause of the present conditions under which I'm living. Once she was a beautiful, smiling she-devil, but I've tamed her down considerable." "Mag!" His summons was answered by a woman so wretched in

appearance that the waif from the wagon train shuddered and drew back in amazement. As this human wreck stood humbly before him with head bowed in submission, he asked sarcastically: "Have you looked at yourself today, my beautiful vampire?"

She answered "Yes, sir," in a voice that might have belonged to one who was doomed and knew it.

"Now," said the White Man, "You have seen the cause and if you care to listen, I will tell you the conditions accompanying my drop to this present level. It's a tale that sounds romantic to a murderer or thief, but to you I'm afraid it won't seem so full of glamour and yet it happens in hundreds of places to hundreds of men each year. It will sound to you impossible and yet it is such a common trick that no one ever gives the poor devil who got stuck a second thought. Would you care to hear it?"

"Yes," she said, as she sat down in the chair he had just vacated.

"Well, to begin with, let's go back say ten or twelve years. I was an ordinary every-day, hard-working man then, a prospector by day, digging and boiling out there in that hot, dead, desert; by night dreaming of home and mother and what I was going to do when I made my pile. At last, one day, I struck it rich, and the deeper I dug the richer it got. I worked like a dog, night and day, sick for that yellow dust, crazy for gold, and in about three months I was ready to come out. I had made my pile, dug it right out of the earth with my own hands where God put it for the worthy and honest. I started in, after three long, killing years alone without a companion save my pipe and the eternal sand. As I said, I came in from out that desolate,

God-forsaken land, into a town of blood-sucking rascals; but to me they were angels because their faces were white. I was sick for the sight of a white face and willing to pay for entertainment, and of course I got roped in. I was buying drinks for the house and was just beginning to enjoy myself when they pulled the frame-up. The "Cause"—that wreck you just saw—came in a-crying like a baby and begging her brother for mercy. Well, that's once my heart was white and I just dug in with both hands and helped her out of her difficulties. There were a few heads bumped, but that was all, no gun play on either side; my side didn't have a gun, the other side didn't have time to use one. Well, I took her up to my lodgings and while she was feeding me, a telegram came for me. I trusted her, let her open it, read it to me, and to top it off, I believed she was telling the truth. She said it was from my mother, and said she was well and happy and that she hoped to see me soon. Well, I don't remember much until the next day. She had doped the food, and it got me. When I woke the next morning she was gone, incidentally my money was gone, that is, my thigh belt containing the biggest part of my money was gone. Of course, I had a little in my pocket, about enough to buy a grub stake or a gun, that was all.

"Later, I found the telegram lying on the floor. It read somewhat different from the stuff she'd told me; it said my mother had died with a prayer on her dear old lips for her son. My mother dead. The only friend in the world that I had. My money gone, the result of three long, terrible years spent out there on that awful desert. The girl gone, the girl I had thought was straight. Do you blame me for going stark, raving mad? I went out and bought a gun,

went back to the place I had first met her, and found her there with the man she called brother, out in the back room gloating over the pile of yellow dirt on the table. My gold. I don't suppose I'll ever know just what happened in the next three or four minutes, I was so crazy I can't remember, and the girl had her memory froze by the things that took place. Anyway, when it was over I had the money and the girl, and one cartridge in my gun without a load. And ever since then I have spent every minute of my wakeing hours, scheming, planning, thinking, of ways to get even with my people, the whites. The whites! whites! whites! I see them in my dreams, I gloat over their destruction, I surround myself with the blackest men I can find, I curse, I kill, I rob, and still that every-haunting memory is there, the whites! whites! whites!"

He ended in a shout that shook the very hair on his shaggy head, his body swayed like that of a drunken man, and he shivered as with the ague, as the emotion of his blackened soul passed out in that torrent of words. After a little he continued, "Well, I brought my beautiful peacock here where she's paying the price of her lies slowly but surely; and she looks at herself every day in the mirror to see how beautiful she is. And now hear that shouting, and shooting, and wailing outside. That's my men bringing home the plunder, and this time its human plunder, white men, white women, white children, to be the slaves of my Indians and breeds."

The little waif was thinking fast. Grabbing a gun from the table she backed into the corner and there with the gun leveled at the chest of the white man she stood quivering with the fury of ages, the fury of a white for a white that

has lowered himself to the level of a black. The old race hatred, that can never heal. The hate of the white for the yellow and black. Standing there, gun in hand, she lashed him with her tongue, contempt, hatred, sickening disgrace, she hurled at him straight from her white woman's heart. "You say you are a white man. You say this and while the words are yet in your mouth, your own men, men who fear you worse than their most potent idol, men of the lowest races on earth, are bringing women and children of your own race through these gates to slavery. Why, you snake, your skin is white but your heart is blacker than the blackest of your outlaw band. As long as men have lived, the white men have protected their women, and when, in cases like this, they couldn't protect them, they killed them rather than let them die a living hell. You, a white man, you who live only to destroy, you're lower than the lowest black that ever lived. See this gun? It's never going to shoot you, you're not worthy of the lead; but it's going to end me, and my own hand will pull the trigger, because I can't trust you to even shoot me."

Like a released spring the man came out of the chair in which he had been sitting. There was a flash, a roar, a scream. The girl stood unharmed in the corner, the gun she had held in her hand lay shattered at her feet. The man stood in front of her smoking gun in hand, and looking straight into her frightened eyes, said

*"Before Almighty God, I am a White Man."*

## In Memoriam

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Rev. Jas. N. Handevanter

---

Died January 13, 1917

## Gone but Not Forgotten

---

In the death of our beloved pastor, Rev. J. N. VanDevanter, who has served us long and well, the cadets have lost a most loyal friend and a most faithful teacher. There were few occasions of any school activity when our good friend was not on hand, showing thereby his great interest in us and in the school. Many cadets have gone away from these halls who honor and love Mr. VanDevanter for the great good he accomplished in their lives and for his unfailing support and kindly cheer on their uphill journey through life.

Mr. VanDevanter was a great friend of youth and to the final end of his career he had great faith in and love for youth, which endeared him to the hearts of the cadets, who loved him not only as a minister, but as a man.

Our hearts go out in great sympathy for his bereaved family and may they be comforted by "That peace that passeth all understanding," and by the knowledge that the great Creator has called to the fold a faithful, loving servant.

COL. T. J. ROLLER.

## "A Prayer"

---

Written in memory of our friend and pastor, Rev. James N. VanDevanter.

---

*O Lord, look down upon us, Thy children,  
And help us in our deep distress.  
Strengthen our hearts that we may bear our burden.  
On each brow place thy sweet caress.*

*From out our midst Thou hast this day taken  
Our pastor, teacher, play-mate, friend, beloved  
Companion of our every joy and sorrow;  
Recipient of our deep and lasting love.*

*He who taught us how to love Thee,  
Has been called to his home above.  
The last words he uttered on this earth were:  
"To the Cadets of A. M. A. I send my love."*

—WAYNE G. SCOTT.

In Memoriam

---

Perry C. Sprinkle

---

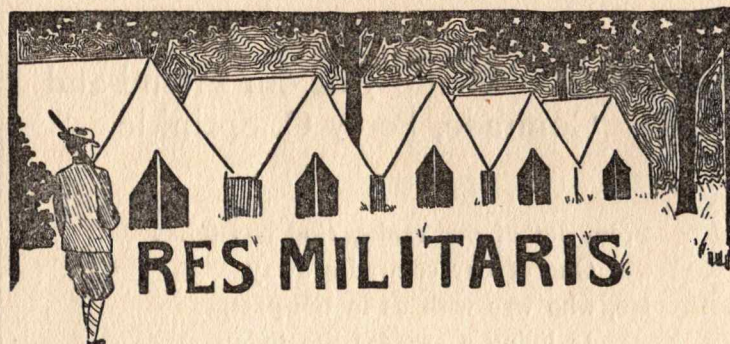
Died December 8, 1916

Written in Memory of our Friend and  
Comrade, Percy C. Sprinkle

---

From out of our ranks, God has taken  
One of our comrades away.  
He, who was with us in the past,  
Is living a sweeter life today,  
And we know he is gone to that  
Beautiful land afar,  
And he is now with his Maker,  
Safe across the Bar.  
But friends, it was sad to see one,  
Who was so young  
Be taken away from the world, when  
His life had just begun.  
But, comrades, God always knows  
What is for the best.  
And He has taken our comrade to  
A land of peace and rest,  
And we know he is safe, but his face,  
We will see on earth no more  
But we hope to meet him again, when  
We cross that distant shore.

—W. H. EGGBORN



**I**T IS certainly very gratifying to us to know that the equipment which is so long overdue, will arrive here sometime during the month of February. We secure not only a full equipment, including side arms and a camping outfit, but an army officer will also be stationed here. We have long recognized the need for this equipment, the lack of which has been a great handicap to the development of the corps, and we earnestly hope there will be no further delay in its arrival. There would then be the possibility of having a short camp at the end of the school term. There is no doubt but that this new feature will awaken the interest of the entire corps, and its realization will be enthusiastically received.

Due to the unusual mildness of the weather preceding the Christmas holidays we were able to have several dress parades in addition to the regular battalion drill. Since our return, however, winter's chill has driven us indoors, and each afternoon finds us practicing upon the intricacies of Butts' Manual in the gymnasium.

The new cadets, under the direction of Capt. Robinson, are rapidly becoming familiar with the various exercises of

the Manual, and will soon be prepared to execute them to the accompaniment of the Band. It may be of interest to the new cadets to learn that we are among the few schools performing Butts Manual to music.

The excellent performances rendered by our band on every occasion have been a matter of pride to us and we feel sure that they deserve every compliment received.

Considering everything, we have reason to look forward with confidence to placing the Military Department upon a higher standard than in past years.

#### SPECIAL ORDERS

*Headquarters Corps Cadets A. M. A., Special Order No. —*

Cadet Private Morris is hereby appointed Librarian with the official office as Staff Sergeant. Cadet Morris, when in charge of the library, is on honor to see as far as he is able, that all the rules and regulations of the library are carried out and obeyed.

By Order of

Major ROLLER, C. C. C.

*Headquarters Corps Cadets A. M. A., Special Order No. —*

Cadet Bugler Taylor is promoted to the office of Chief Trumpeter with the rank of Corporal.

By Order of

Major ROLLER, C. C. C.

*Headquarters Corps Cadets A. M. A., Special Order No. —*

The following appointment is made in the Corps of Cadets, and must be obeyed and respected accordingly: To be Second Sergeant in B. Co., Cadet Cochran.

By Order of

Major ROLLER, C. C. C.



W. D. CASWELL W. H. EGGBORN



ALTHOUGH football season is over, we cannot allow it to pass without a short discussion of the merits of our team. A general review of the season will hardly do our team justice, who deserves more credit than we are able to give.

Throughout the season our chief handicap seemed to be lack of weight, which was overcome to some extent by our incomparable fighting spirit. This spirit was well demonstrated on Thanksgiving Day when we were defeated in a seemingly one-sided game. But the score is sometimes deceptive and fails to give the losing team the credit due them and such was the case on Turkey Day, when we came out of a hard-fought game with the small end of a 53 to 0 score. This, however, does not prove our team deficient, as competent critics said that Staunton Military Academy had one of the best preparatory school football teams Virginia ever produced, due to their excessive weight along with their experience. All through the game Kable's made large gains through our line, due to the physical impossibility of our linemen to withstand superior weight. "But to the victor belongs the spoils," so the thing to do is to have our

hearts set on that next Thanksgiving game when we will have a chance to come back strong, and consequently receive the long end of next year's score.

As is customary, every year after the preparatory football season is over the *Ring Tum Phi* of Washington and Lee University, selects an eleven, universally accepted, and composed of the best men at their positions in the state. This selection is made without any partiality which is attested by the fact that a member of this All-Virginia-prep team must be recommended by at least two competent judges, and the peer of Virginia right ends was Diuguid, our fast and aggressive end. He had the qualities so essential to a good right end, those of a good tackler and receiver of passes and though he lacked the weight of some ends he was able to solve where a pass is going and was usually there to break it up. So we as a corps, are very proud of our fast little right end, who justly deserves this honor. While Diuguid was our only contributor to this all-star eleven, several other members of our team were given worth mentions. They were Hogeshead, Oppleman, and our captain and quarterback, Balthis, who, due to injuries, was unable to play the latter part of the season. Hogeshead at center was an accurate passer, a hard tackler, but lacked only that which our team as a whole lacked, namely, weight. Balthis as quarterback could always be depended upon to use the best possible judgment in the running of the team and was a consistent gainer around the ends, due to his speed. He was a good punter and on account of the aforesaid injuries was unable to show his true worth throughout the season. This handicap no doubt deprived him of a berth on the All-Va.-Prep team. Opple-

man, our plucky tackle, was a player of the smashing type and consequently could always be depended upon to hold up his end of the game. But the credit for the development of our team is due largely to the faithful coaching of our three able coaches, Major Roller, Captain Gallagher and Captain Massie. The following were awarded the coveted "A" for faithful service during the past season: Capt. Balthis, Antrim, Hogeshead, Diuguid, Stephenson, Davis, C., Scott, W. Scott, N., McWhorter, Roper, Oppleman, Lewis, Christian E., Mell, and Quillen.

Statistics of the team are as follows:

The first eleven men

		Wt.	Ht.	Age	Years on team
Lauve Balthis, <i>Capt.</i>	Q. B.	155	5ft. 9	19	2
Blair Antrim, <i>Asst. Capt.</i>	R.H.B.	151	5ft. 11½	18	1
Willson B. Roper	L.H.B.	150	5ft. 7	19	1
Thurmond McWhorter	F.B.	165	5ft. 10	16	1
Fulton Hogshead	C.	135	5ft. 6	17	1
Norvell Otey Scott	R.G.	140	6ft.	17	1
Wayne G. Scott	L.G.	137	5ft. 11	19	1
Isadore Oppleman	R.T.	148	5ft. 8	17	1
Cabel Davis	L.T.	143	5ft. 10	17	1
J. Vogel Dinguid	R.E.	145	5ft. 9	17	1
Byron J. Stephenson	L.E.	150	5ft. 9	19	1

With the closing of football season a call for basketball candidates was sent out and was loyally responded to. Only two of last year's letter men returned to school, these being Balthis, who was elected captain, and Jones, assistant captain. Other men who promise to be valuable assets to this team are: Antrim, Scott, N., Oppleman, Christian, E., Mc-

Whorter, Lewis, Roper, Bankhardt and Hogeshead. These men, with the coaching of Captain Lane, who rounded into shape a championship team last year, should make one that will be fully as good as last year's team.

Our first game was played December 16th on our floor, with a picked team from Staunton's Y. M. C. A. The game at the beginning was ragged on both sides due to lack of practice, but towards the ending both teams showed remarkable improvement and the game proved fast and interesting. The final score was: A. M. A. 24; Staunton Y. M. C. A. 12. The line-up was as follows:

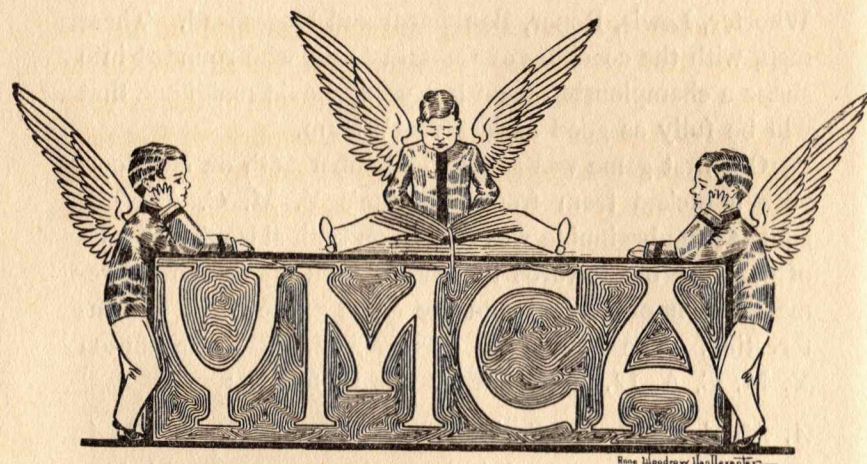
A. M. A.	Position	Staunton Y. M. C. A.
Oppleman	left forward	Eskridge
Jones	right forward	Peterfish
Antrim	center	Roane
Balthis (Capt.)	right guard	Gordon
McWhorter	left guard	Crafton

Substitutes for A. M. A.: Scott, c., Christian, l. g., Roper, l. g., Bankhardt, l. g. For Staunton Y. M. C. A.: Stratton, l. g.

Goals from field: Oppleman (2); Jones (3); Antrim (3); Balthis (3); Eskridge (1); Peterfish (2); Roane (1); Crafton (1).

Goals from fouls: Jones (1); Balthis (2); Peterfish (2). Final score: A. M. A., 24; Staunton Y. M. C. A., 12.

Referee: Capt. Gallagher. Timekeeper: Capt. Massie. Scorekeeper: Cadet Robertson.



WE WERE very much pleased to find that the several small sums of money which we gave to various charitable organizations did the poor so much good and were the cause of so much happiness at Christmas.

Those of you who have not paid your Y. M. C. A. dues, pay them now so that this good work may not stop.

On Sunday night before our Christmas holidays began an open meeting was held in Memorial Hall. The meeting was led by Cadet Gilkeson, the Vice President of the Y. M. C. A. The good music and a recitation by Cadet Egg-born contributed greatly to the success of this meeting. Several letters of thanks from the orphanage and the Children's Home at Lynchburg for money and gifts sent them by this Y. M. C. A. were read by Colonel Roller.

Another very interesting meeting was held in the Assembly Hall on Sunday, January 14th, which was led by Cadet Percy. The most interesting feature of this meeting was an address on "Service" by Dr. Campbell, of Roanoke. His talk was greatly appreciated by all and we wish to take this opportunity to thank him and we hope that he will be with us again in the near future.



## Literary Society



UR first meeting was held November the eighteenth, which was informal. Major Roller, the official critic, chose Scott, N., Percy and Doniphan for the negative side and Hays, Diuguid and Antrim for the affirmative. He also gave them the following debate: Resolved, That football is a better game than baseball for "prep" schools. He gave them five minutes to think of something to say. The debate was a success for being so informal. The affirmative won.

The second meeting of the Literary Society was held Thursday, November 23rd. The meeting was called to order by the President and the Secretary read the minutes of the last meeting. This debate was a success and each debator had a good debate. The subject was, Resolved, That no "prep" school man can play on any athletic team more than four years and that he cannot play on this team his first year.

The affirmative was upheld by Caperton, A., Scott, N. and Carter, Y., while Bowers, R., Nolle and Anderson, R., made a strong fight for the negative. The debate was won by the affirmative. The readers were Evans, Norman, Ashley and Ragsdale.

The last debate was held Saturday, December 16th.

The meeting was called to order by the President and the minutes were read by the Secretary.

The subject for debate was as follows: Resolved, That the U. S. should have a standing army of one million men.

Warner, V., McWhorter and Oppleman were the chief debators for the affirmative, while Eggborn, Lewis and Roper were for the negative. This was the best debate this year, being very exciting throughout and very interesting. The affirmative won this debate. The readers were very good. They were Ashley, Runnels, Nelms and Blackstock.

R. D. JONES, Secretary.



## Social



HERE was held on the evening of December 1st in Memorial Hall the most delightful dance in the history of the A. M. A. German Club. The decorations consisted entirely of evergreens which gave an air of the approaching Christmas holidays. Most wonderful music was rendered by our old favorites, Colgan's Orchestra. During the intermission and throughout the evening delicious fruit was served. Those dancing were: Miss Evelyn Irving with Cadet Balthis; Miss Kitty Chapman with Cadet Percy; Miss Helen Patterson with Cadet Jones; Miss Fair Searson with Cadet Lewis; Miss Steele with Cadet Christian, C.; Miss Ellen Howison with Cadet Gilkeson; Miss Elizabeth Faw with Cadet Parker, S.; Miss Page Hughes with Cadet Scott, W.; Miss Catharine Holt with Cadet Hogshead; Miss Virginia Moseley with Cadet Anderson; Miss Louise Root with Cadet Robinson, W.; Miss Evelyn Lambert with Cadet Simmerman; Miss Paulser with Cadet Warner; Miss Elsie Morris with Captain Massie; Miss Helen Moores with Cadet Caperton, A.; Miss Dorothy Mercereau with Cadet Brown; Miss Laura Wise with Cadet Carter, Y.; Miss Caroline Quarles with Cadet Bayles, G.; Miss Mary Preston Hanger with Cadet Winfree; Miss Annestine Crawford with Cadet Jones R. D.; Miss Marian Nalle with Cadet Doniphan, and Miss Emily Mosely with Cadet Adkisson.

The stags were: Messers Preston, Boyd, Warner, J., Williams, Job, Holt, Hoge, Greene, and Cadets Morris, Roper, Banet, Hayes, Backus, Christian, R., Alt, Carter and Bailey, L.

The chaperones were: Col. and Mrs. Roller, Maj. and Mrs. C. S. Roller, Mr. and Mrs. Steve Timberlake, Mr.

and Mrs. Thomas Hogshead, Mr. and Mrs. Nat Waller, Mr. and Mrs. John Walker, Mrs. Lambert, Mr. and Mrs. Howison, and Mr. and Mrs. Chriss Parkins.

Misses Chapman and Irving from Hollins were guests of Mrs. C. S. Roller for a few days.

Also present at the dance were the following Alumni: Warner, Ireland, Preston, Loth, and Shumake.

The corps of cadets wish to express their appreciation for the large number of books presented to the A. M. A. library by Mrs. B. L. Greider, Mrs. T. J. Roller's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Luster, of Duluth, Minn., spent Thanksgiving with their two sons.

Mrs. Evans and daughter, of Woodcliff, N. J., paid a visit to Cadet Evans during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis, of Pence Springs, W. Va., visited their sons on November 30th.

The January Hop of the German Club will be held on Friday, the 26th and a large attendance is expected. Though informal, the officers are looking forward to a good time for everybody.

The visit of ex-Captain R. M. Youell, our friend and faculty member, was enjoyed by the faculty and cadets on December 17th.

After our Christmas holidays we were greatly rejoiced to see quite a large number of new men with us. It is good to know that the cadets take an interest in the academy and try their best to make the roll larger.

The names of the new cadets are as follows: Carico, Donlan, Dotson, Wilson, Cepero, Parker, Ewing, Cunningham, Bennett, Bloxton, Avis, Tinsley and Dore.

The following were visitors during the past month: Misses Hoge, Howison, Nelson, Pulliam and Thomas, of Staunton; Mr. Woodcliff, of Roanoke; Messers Stephenson and McGiffert, of V. M. I.



Mr. H. C. Goodwin is now travelling for his father.

Mr. Rice M. Youell, who was a member of our faculty last year, has joined the United States army as a second lieutenant.

Mr. H. B. Walker is at school in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Mr. "Ed." Fordham is attending the A. and M. of North Carolina.

Our old "football star," Roswell Robbins, is pleasantly situated at the University of North Carolina.

Mr. J. W. Hogshead is at Hampdon-Sidney.

Among our number at W. & L. are Messers La Fils, Jarman and Wells.

Our good friend, Mr. Gammand, is in business at Rural Retreat, Va.

Mr. "Puss" Hancock and Mr. Eugene Adkins are at the V. M. I.

Mr. James Buchanan is in the electrical business in his home town, Norfolk, Va.

Mr. F. Prieto is at Cornell this year.



OUR exchange department has shown a remarkable increase since the first of the session. We have received many new exchanges from schools that have heretofore never exchanged with us; but there has been some disappointment regarding the apparent insufficiency of criticism concerning our paper. We have been unable to judge if our paper is up to the expectations of our friends.

Beginning with this issue we will have each month a column devoted to the criticisms of other papers, called "Kicks and Komments." In it we will print all criticisms, and we hope that our friends will criticize. We in turn will do our best for you.

"*The Bayonet*," Miami Military Institute. Your paper is very well arranged, but don't you think a more extensive literary department and a few more cuts would help?

"*The Irvonian*," Irving School.—A very good magazine, but rather short.

"*The Student*," Portsmouth High School.—One of our best exchanges, the literary department is especially good.

"*Mary Baldwin Miscellany*," Mary Baldwin Seminary, has a fine literary department. "The Oklahoma Indian"

and "Unities and Incongruities in "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream" are both very interesting and instructive articles.

"*The Monthly Chronicle*," Episcopal High School, is a very well planned paper.

"*Westward Ho*," Western High School.—A very attractive paper, having especially good cuts and a fine lot of jokes.

"*The Record*," Staunton High, is a little brief in its various departments.

"*Palmetto and Pine*," St. Petersburg, Florida, has a good joke department, which shows the hearty co-operation of the student body.

"*Stampede*," Harve High School, Harve, Montana. Your "Winks and Sneezes" are very good.

"*The Focus*," State Normal, Farmville, Va.—A good magazine having a fine literary department.

"*Western Maryland College Monthly*," Westminster, Md.—You have several good articles.

"*The Missile*," Petersburg, Va.—Some good stories and jokes.

"*Facets*," Charlottesville, Va.—A fine paper.

"*The Wesleyan*," Macon, Georgia.—An attractive paper with good cuts.

"*The Thistle*," Chase City, Va.—Your High School Dictionary is very good.

"*Oracle*," Orange, Va., ranks among our best; a fine and original exchange write-up in your latest issue.

"*The Era*," Emory, Va.—Another good paper.

We also acknowledge: "*Massanutten Academy News*," Woodstock, Va.; "*The Sage*," Greensboro, N. C.; "*The Cadet*," Lexington, Va.; "*College Topics*," University, Va.

## Kicks and Komments

A page devoted to the praises and criticisms of the "BAYONET," received through exchange from various school publications of a like nature, throughout this and other states.

From "*The Monthly Chronicle*," Episcopal High School:

*The Bayonet*, Augusta Military Academy: We wish to compliment you on having a quality that is lacking in a large majority of the school magazines. That quality is "Pep." You have no department which can be said to overshadow another, but the whole magazine is well balanced and is everywhere sparkling with wit.

From the "*Mary Baldwin Miscellany*," Staunton, Va.:

"*The Bayonet*," Fort Defiance, Va., is one of the most attractive of this month's exchanges. The cuts are particularly clever, and add much to the magazine. The theme of "19—5—21—11" is rather trite, but the story is well written. "Guess Who" is very original. Aren't there any poets in school? Some good verse would improve your magazine greatly.

From "*The Irvonian*," Irving School, Tarrytown, N. Y.:

"*The Bayonet*."—A very well arranged magazine.

From "*The Student*," Portsmouth High School, Portsmouth, Virginia:

"*The Bayonet*," Ft. Defiance, Va.—Your literary department is very good, especially "19—5—21—11." The plot is clear and very well carved out. Evidently the author has a great deal of information about the game of football.

## "Pap Lewis" Says:



WELL, boys, I'm sure glad to see you all back again. Have a good Christmas? Everybody's well and happy, I suppose. Little sister glad to see her big soldier boy brother home for the holidays. Dad and Mother glad, too. Well, so's old "Uncle Pap." Nothing I like to see better. Everybody happy and I spect most of you all are awful lazy, too, but that won't last long; got a bunch of exams a-comin' in a few days, don't lose sight of that. Remember what your dad said just before you came back. He's paying out the money and he has a right to expect results; it's a poor investment that don't pay dividends, so just smile a little, work a little, play a little, and think a little and you'll find the Bradstreet rating will have you rated pretty high. Old Pap knows.

By the way, I didn't have time to tell you all about how that parade up in Staunton looked from the side lines before you left, so I'll just throw you a little taffy now.

It looked great, that's all, just naturally great. Why, it was so much better than Kable's straggley out-of-step parade that you can't even compare the two, and right now Old Pap wants to say that he's mighty thankful and mighty proud of every individual that helped to make that parade a success. That's the good old A. M. A. spirit that never admits defeat. Why, going down the hill after the game a stranger just arrived in town hollered over to one of the cadets and wanted to know how bad we had beat 'em.

That's the way to do things, that's the right kind of spirit; never give up. And then later on when you get out into the world you'll have that fighting idea so firmly fixed in your mind that there won't be anybody that can keep you down, and folks will sooner or later admit you are a success.

Now in closing I just want to state one more fact. That Band is some more Band, and I mean every word I say. Why, them boys have accomplished something, something worth while. They slipped one over on history, that's what they did. First time in the history of the school that they have paraded in Staunton with their own band, and they paraded this time to a durn good band. Every piece they played was perfect. And best of all, they drowned out Kable's band that had forty pieces and trained band men. By gosh, that did me good.

PAP LEWIS.



## Jokes

### *Before Exams*

O, Lord of Hosts, be with us yet  
Lest we forget,  
Lest we forget.

### *After Exams*

The Lord of Hosts was with us not,  
For we *Forgot*,  
For we *Forgot*.

C. D. NORMAN.

Scott, W.—What on earth can I write an editorial on?  
Hancock.—Paper.

Prieto.—Ely, what tree is the oldest?

Ely.—The Oak.

Prieto.—Nope, the Elder.

Davis, C.—Irving, where's your place in ranks?

Irving.—On the left side of the arch, in front of the big light, in the front row.

J. Siegle.—Lindsey, what word can you add a syllable to and make it shorter?

Lindsey.—Their ain't any.

J. Siegle.—Yes there is. Short.

Donlon.—How do you change step?  
Ely.—Stop and start all over again.

Wangenstein.—Torch, what's the oldest law in the world?

Torch.—Don't know.

Wangenstein.—The eight-hour law.

Torch.—Why so?

Wangenstein.—It was written by Adam-son.

*A New Way To Tell An Old Joke*

Jones.—Bill, why do all bald-headed men leave their money to charitable institutions?

Bill.—Aw, come off that old stuff, crack something new occasionally. I fell out of the cradle laughing over that.

Jones.—Sour grapes, Kid, I invented this one myself.

Bill.—Well, I'll bite, why?

Jones.—Wouldn't tell you now, if you got down on your knees and begged.

Bill.—Aw, come on, please.

Jones.—No, too late now.

Bill.—Well, you can "go to" then, for all I care.

Jones.—Do you really want to know?

Bill.—Shoot.

Jones.—Because they haven't any "heir."

Bill.—Shucks, I heard that last week at the Hipp.

**"If"**

If we couldn't when we say we can't.

If we wouldn't when we could.

If we know we shouldn't do it,

And we still insist we should,

If there were no rules for wise men,

And there were no laws for fools,

If we never sent men to prison,

And abolished all our schools,

If there were no laws of nature,

And this earth just was, that's all,

If there never was a bugle,

And no one could blow a call,

If there wasn't any English,

Nor Trig-a-nom-e-try,

If we never, never had to drill,

Or walk of guard duty,

If we'd never heard of Latin,

If we'd never heard of Greek,

If we never had to do a thing,

But eat, and drink, and sleep.

Wouldn't it be a GRAND and GLORIOUS FEELING.

G. M. HANCOCK.

Percy (reflecting): Some men certainly are worms.  
 Gilkeson.—Yes, to be picked up by any "chicken."

Russel (after a dance)—She looked like a statue.  
 Shauver.—When, after the unveiling?

Jones.—Bill, did you get a suit Christmas?  
 Caswell.—Yes, it was for breach of promise.

Stephenson, B.—So she refused you a kiss on sanitary grounds, eh?

Gilkeson.—Certainly, until I convinced her that a burning kiss would kill microbes.

Gilkeson.—Eggborn's stories are quite absorbing.  
 Wangenstein.—Quite. He wrote them all on blotters.

Bankhardt.—You see, this story is a child of my brain.  
 Scott, W.—You don't seem to be very strong on birth control.

She.—You men can't understand a woman. She has so many angles.

He.—We are content to judge her by her curves.

Did Morris succeed in his spiritual uplift?  
 Yes, he raised H—l.

Alt.—My aim is to tell the truth.  
 Byrd.—Well, you are a mighty poor shot.

She.—You certainly are a trump.  
 He.—Well, either shuffle or take me.

Capt. Massie (in lit.)—Jones, what is light fiction?  
 Jones.—Love letters from one's old girl.

Miss Florence.—Doctor, is there any possibility of my losing fifty pounds here?

Kind Doctor.—Not as many here as in London.

Why is it they call him intellectually poor?  
 Because he never has a change of thought.

Blaxton (wiping his nose every few minutes)—You know, I believe, I have a cold in my head.

Hays.—Your symptoms look more like water on the brain.

Carter, A.—I saw something this morning that took my breath away.

Houston—Look around and see if you can't see it again. Those onions are overpowering.

Rubber Lewis—I guess you thought my last letter was long enough to be a serial.

Young Lady.—No, but it was mushy enough to be a cereal.

Scott, W. (admiring new gun)—Well, she looks like she could certainly knock 'em down.

Hancock.—So does a club.

Capt. Lane.—Gibson, what does "bonus" mean.

Gibson.—Means I get an hour.

*Just A Few Facts*

Taylor has a Corporal.  
 Hancock writes stories and poems.  
 Montgomery does the same.  
 Griggs' hundred is now two hundred.  
 Bloxton has a black eye.  
 Gibson is out looking for wind.  
 Hunt forgot to come back.  
 Wangenstein needs a new bugle.  
 Balthis staged the New Year's dance.  
 Scott, N. parts his hair in the middle.  
 Carter's beauty treatment shows results.  
 Bailey, L., joined the Shang-hai Club.

The A. M. A. Band needs a drum major and some more officers.

The Band announces the following popular pieces for finals, in addition to the regular music: Nobody, Arrahgo on, How's Every Little Thing in Dixie, On the Beach at Waikiki, Pretty Baby, Walking the Dog, Are You from Dixie, Mother Machree, and Turn Back the Universe.

Strong (in Colonel's spelling class): Pittance. Holes in the ground, where ants live.

Luster R. (same class): Barometer.—An African snake.

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Maximum Service*, and in this we will never be excelled.

Watch the wear of your linen. **YOU WILL BE CON-  
SCIOUS OF THE DIFFERENCE.**

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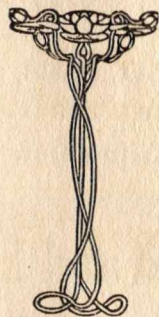
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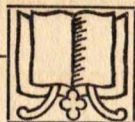
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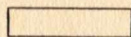
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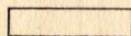
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